

Nor call of the rolling drum. Bo still they lie in their dreaming

teady to rise and answer— To harry on eager feet, by day or night time, in rain or sun. Through valley, or field, or street;

Ready to meet the summons,

Ready to come or go: Fo march in the scorebing heat and dust, Or half in the blinding snow: o spring half awake, from dreams of kome, To the sabre thrust of the foe;

Ready to yield, not strength alone And the hand's keen, willing art, But all of the sweet, full life God guve-Not only a tithe or part, But oil to their duty.
Asking body, and brain, and beart

What memories throng as we pause and stan Where flowers on these graves are thrown, While all about us the audight stream and the breath of the May is blown rom warm, green valleys whose ripened grass in drifted swaths is mown.

What dreams come to us. . . . Ah: far awe let be martial clang and tread—Far, far, is the sound of the clashing steel. Of the charge, in mad triumph led; The pain, the passion, the tumuit were these are the peaceful dead.

Their flags are folded, or idly float To the sweet caress of the wind-The flags that pressed through the built

While a million of souls behind Followed steadfast and faltered not, Like the thought of one mighty mind.

What dreams comes to us. . . . What heart

deep prayers; Yet the tender tears we shed By these grassy mounds, where the heroes sleep With the blue sky overhead. Are so bright with blessing, so touched with

We dream of the soldier brave. . . . But we Of the men, who were loved and dear; Of the unklosed kisses, the vows takept, The passionate, homesick tear: The human rearning, the whispered prayer That no one but God could hear:

They might answer for smiles instead.

Of tired sleepers, with bayish brown, Dew drenched in the stariff air; Of bloated letters, and true-love rings, And the pictures of women fair

Hidden close in those stalwart breasts With a lover's jealous care. Our hearts beat fast with the beating drain,

Swell high with the music's strain.
For love, that is Wer life's theme of cong.
The awarder through loss and painFor love, that lasts over strife and war.
While the years and the ages wans.

firing flowers for the world is abloom, Like a garden grown and a; There are willing hands at the tender toil, There are hearts long tried and true, and Howers enough for the boys in gray. As well as the boys in blue.

The task is ended—the twilight fulls, The sounds of the day decrease; Yet not with the allence of shout and song. Can the palms of our glory ceuse; We have strown the breasts of our noble dead

GOD NEVER FORGETS.

Madeline S. Bridges, to Leslie's Illustrated

The Story of One Decoration Day and What It Brought.



ng among the came to Farmer Gibbons' door, seeking shelter for the night, a consumptive-

from the door, hence the warmest corner the cozy kitchen was given up to the wayfarers and Mother Gibbons brought out her most dainty knick-knacks to tempt the appe-tite of the sick man. That they were

no ordinary tramps their scrupulously-clean, well-mended though threadbare sements testified. The man told a sad hich had been forsaken for the rolling prairies of the great West; of the mis fortunes that had robbed him of his small estate and swept his wife and children into the grave. After five years of helpless struggling in the new country he was going back to die among his own kindred and leave his little

Jack in the care of his own people. In the morning the family was aroused by the cries of the child who understood enough to know that the white, stiff form by his side was lifeless.

"Poor papa is dead," he sobbed, as ing down-stairs. The boy was rightthe stranger had died alone and unat-tended while they slept.



"POOR PAPA IN DEAD."

the church-yard.

Before the day was over Mr. Gibbons | sleep in a pauper's bed." wrote to an nacle whose address little "God never forgets," said the stranger, and then came the most jeyful moment before a reply came, and then the only of his life, when he was able to reveal satisfaction obtained was: "I have a himself to them and assure them that family of my own to support, and can the boy whom they had saved from the not take the lad into my house. Bind almshouse had come back just in time are horrid.

Mr. Bate until he is old enough to support him- Jack did not leave them again, except

ep, but when they remonstrated with Mr. Gibbons and pointed out the dan ger of trusting to one of whose ancestors he knew nothing, he replied: "I am only loing for this strange lail what I would rish others to do for my boys, were they

ast friendless upon the world."
"If we do our duty we can trust conquences with God," added the mothrly voice of his wife, who had chanced overhear the conversation. The years passed on and Jack became a real farmer's boy-tolling in the fields in the fruitful season and tramping

cross the woods to school in the winter

"Jack Shepherd is a good boy, and well worth the raising," his benefactor would ay, proudly, whenever the boy's capa-When the news of the fall of Fort mier was flashed over the North that and April day in 1861, Farmer Gibbons could scarcely be persuaded that he was too old a man to shoulder a musket and march to the defense of his country, and when it was told him that his oldest boy had headed the list of volunteers, he said, with tears streaming down his

The next day a letter from George, the student, came, telling that he, too. plains—untrammeled by the enthralmed donned the blue. 'I could not help ments of social amonities of city life. t, father. All the students are volun-

tried to skirk from duty now."

Jack's patriotic heart would have fascinating graces of a young lady grown empted him to follow the example of up out of doors on the farm without maan and George, but Mr. Gibbons said: ternal restraint or guidance. "Walt a bit and see how times go. Old But, alack-a-day, her Uncle John men like me and slips of boys like you came from California with a belt around



OOD WILL NOT FORGET YOUR KINDNESS." for the present we had better stay at to feed our soldiers."

Jack listened quietly, and then without a word went back to the plow he had left standing in the furrow.

A year passed away, and with it poor Jack's bright hopes of the future. A hundred dollars that Mr. Gibbons had placed in the desk in the room adjoining his disappeared mysteriously and circumstances pointed suspiciously towards him as the thief. Though onedient and tractable, the boy was highopirited, and resented, as base, any insinuations that called his honest, in question. His indignant denial would have had much weight with the conscientions farmer had not Ben, the Gibbons' baby, asserted boldly that he had than once."

In the eyes of the parents this proof was conclusive, besides it accounted for the many petty thefts that, in the last few months, had sorely puzzled the worthy couple. The soul of honor him self, Mr. Gibbons would not tolerate any departure from rectifude, especially

in one for whom he had done The result of the trouble was that Jack packed up what few things he needed for a change, and went out from the home where his happiest days had been

spent. "God will not forget your kindness to a poor, friendless orphan," he said, as he took mother Gibbons' hand at par-

Going directly to a recruiting office he enlisted in a Michigan regiment. seven-year-old and in less than twenty-four hours he was on his way to Tennessee, where son. The good farmer had General Hallock was just then laying never been known to turn a hungry stranger from the form to turn a bungry stranger from the form the f bloody conflict without his fair name being tarnished.

Instead of returning to the home that had sheltered his boyhood, he went West and settled upon a claim, taking Puck. up his lonely life as a rightful heritage. Not so kindly did the four years of warfare deal with the poor old farmer's lads, for when the boys in blue came marching home, not one of the stalwart sons who had gone forth to battle walked in the ranks. George and Ben had come home in pine coffins many days before, while Dan was left sleeping

beneath the bright Southern skies. After Jack had gone away Ben gained his father's consent to become a soldier, but before a year had passed he sickened and died, but not until he had taken upon him self the theft that had sent the orphan boy alone into the world.

an irresistible desire to look upon the faces of the friends of his youth sent Jack back to eatch a glimpse of the old familiar walks. It was on the 30th of Mr. Gibbons and his wife came hurry- May that he arrived, and the little town was gay with flowers and banners. Joining in the processson that was wending its way to the cemetery he passed quiet-A coffin was provided at the expense by to the grave of his father, now of the township, and the next morning marked by a marble slab. In the same a few of the neighbors followed the hum- row, a little to the east, he read the names of George and Ben Gibbons, and an old veteran who was scattering flowrs on the graves of the brothers informed him that Dan closed his life in a outhern prison and that the two daughers of the same household had died within a week of each other, leaving the old folks childless and almost penniless. Waiting to hear no more, Jack hastened to the old farm-house, and without making himself known listened to the pitiful story of the old people. who upon the morrow would be turned out of the house where all their wedded life had been spent. "We gave our boys all to our country, but now we are orgotten both by God and man," mur-

mored the old man-"Father, God never forgots," said the good wife, tenderly, "Don't you renember poor Jack's last words-Wod will not forget your kindness to a poor

rphan boy?""
"Ah! but did I not sond the poor lad away for a crime our own boy comsin, Mary, and to-morrow night we will

for a few days to arrange his business in The boy grieved over his uncle's heart- | the West, and bring back the money to ess command, until the kind farmer save the old home from the auctioneer's and his good wife agreed to give him a hammer. "God did not forget them," nome among their own noisy boys and after many days the bread which The neighborn abook their honds bank to them. Bella V. Chisholm, is gisely, doubting the wisdom of the Christian Inquirer the Influences of Climate-How She Got Hor Fortune-

and soil work



In complex-"A pharmacist." bel Millard was the pride and envyofevinCalumat County. She ings. coquette, fond of admiration, given to flirt-

married. Her complexion was similar to that of a whole town which has been given up to on election colebration over night. Her aunburnt checks: "God bless you, Dan. | hair was magnetic in its influence upon You would be no son of mine if you white horses. They seemed to follow her everywhere. Her manners were those of a hoydenish meiden of the Her hands were gems of fresco work, for on their alabaster surface the sun "Never mind, mother," said the farm- bad deep impigmented those freckles er, at sight of his wife's wet eyes. "We | which come naturally only to the girl gave them to God when they were who scorns the danger of exposure to the habes, and if He chooses to use them in | elements. Her feet bade grim defiance helping to save the country, His will be to the clods and ruts of the country road. In short, she possessed all of the

re not worth much on long marches, so his waist, full of pure gold. Nay, more. her Uncle John bore in his pockets big wads of bank notes of phenomenal value and owned cattle upon a thousand hills. Alack-a-day, as I was remarking. Annabel's Uncle John came home and died. He did not die immediately, bulingered for weeks suffering the pange of mania a polu, that grim destroyer of outh and beauty, as well as of ago and homeliness. Annabel's own hand administered the ralerian et ammenia, which alone could soothe his pains and drive away the phantoms which pursued him. In due course of time, however, her dear Uncle John died and was buried. will was brief and very much to the point. He left all of his worldly goods bis beloved niece, Annabel Miliard. But there was a proviso. Not one ponny of it should Annabel have until she was twenty-five years of age, and had spent

seven years in certain designated East-

ern schools. This was a cruel blow to her numer ous admirers; but upon no other condition was she to be his heiress. Annaome and raise something upon which bel mourned over her uncle, as she ought to have done, under the circumstances, and then she went to Chleage and was sentenced to six weeks with the dress-maker. At the conclusion of her first absence from home, she returned to the old cabin, and ber friends scarcely recognized her. The white horses alone were true to her and fol her. | Well, seven years lowed as seven or eight years will do; and Annabel came home to claim her fortune. Her halr was auburn, her hands had lost their healthful freckles, her face was becomingly pale, her feet had corns, her bustle was remendous, her head upright as a thermometer, and her gait was wholly changed. Pobbles would hurt ber feet. een Jack "fooling round the desk more | She was a different girl Climate and soil had changed her. She got the for-

mne. S. D. F. AN UNPARDONABLE OFFENSE



First Messenger Boy-1 bear Cully is goin' to be expelled from the Mersenger Boya' Labor Union. end M. H .- What's be done?

F. M. B.-He was caught runnin' .-

EDUCATION PAYS.

"I has got to, sah." "Then, I'll --! Hold on, William, I am wrong. Yes, I have made a mistake. It isn't sugar, but ment. That makeslet's see-that makes forty pounds of moat Instead of twenty pounds of PLOUS Patents, per sack sugar, and you owe me five dollars " HAVE Ballet

He bad scratched out the false charge and falsified the amount of meat to offset it, cheating the man out of four dollars, but William turned to his com- BACON-Hams panious and proudly waved the book on

high and said "Haven't I dun stuck to it dat odde- POTATOES ... eashen puts money in yo' pockets?"-N. Y. Sun.

The Hackman in the Forest. "Would you like to leave?" said the FLOUR-Choice. WHEAT-No. 2 red. woodshopper to the young tree,
"I don't know but I wood," said the his dead to a grave in a quiet corner in mitted? God is punishing us for this young tree. "Can you take me down with a back?"

"I guess so," said the chopper; "seeing PORK you've only got one small trunk."-Puck. An Old Saying Newly Sald. Miss Kewt (who wants to bring him

to the point; -I think someoid bachelors | WHEAT-No. 2 red. Mr. Batchellor-What about present Miss Kewt-Present company alway accepted .- Judge.

Mr. Whitewings-Say; I hear you've been a-callin' me a fool. Uncle Pete-I didn't call yer a fool. I ain't no sech a fool as ter say ebery BUTTER-Cyramery. thing I links.—Munsey's Weekly.

How she dos

A New York druggist, who spent the winter in a Texas town for his health, was saked by the gental ork of the Cass avenue.

"Stranger, what might your business pulled up. wonders 4 n be?" "I am a pharmacist."

its, and even "A what did you say?" this afternoon in my buggy, and show you one I've got to sell."—Texas Sift-

He Was Tired of Receiving Advice Willis-Hello, Bingham! uncle left you ten thousand dollars, did he? What will you do with it? frequently en-Bingham (sarcastically) - Going to turn it over to my friends. They all know better than I what should be done with it.-The Jury.

> How's This!
>
> We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not to cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
>
> F. J. Cheney & Co., Props, Toleslo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last lifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. Weat & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
>
> Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and muccus surfaces of the system Testimonials free. Price, 75a per bottle. Sold by all Druggists, How's This!

How anatum for newspapers to publish "Rules for Husbands." Any sort of wife can prescribe better rules for a husband than he can find in a newspaper.—Texas

Contagious Blood Diseases.

The horror of blood diseases is the fact that they are contragious. Ecrema, Saltrheum, Itch, and other skin diseases may be contracted by using the same towel, and thus it frequently happens a whole family becomes affected with the disease some member has contracted eisewhere. It is obviously the sacred duty of any one who suffers from a blood disease to rid their system of the impurity. This can easily and quickly be done by using Dr. Bull's sursaparilia, the only perfectly sale and complete blood purifier is the world. Its virtue is exclusively its own, and no other medicine can compare with it in strength or efficacy. Any druggist will get it for you. Take no other. Observe its size and test its virtue.—Washington Observer. Contagious Blood Diseases.

A runs-racor porket book is one of the latest inventions. It is probably intended to prevent money from burning holes in the pockets of the owners.

Rocked on the Crest of the Wave. Rocked on the Crest of the Wave.

The landsman, tourist or commercial traveler, speedily begins, and not only begins, but continues, to feel the extreme of human misery during his transit across the tempestuous Atlantic. But if, with wise prescience, he has provided himself with a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Blurus, his pangs are promptly mitigated, and then cease ere the good ship again drops her anchor. This is worth knowing, and thousands of our yachtsmen, summer voyagers, tourists and business men do know it.

A may can make himself decidedly un-casant by insisting on reminding us of hat we thought last year.—Milwaukoo uurnal.

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which the ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative. Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Honestr is the best policy, but there are very few policy-shops where it can be ound.—Elmira Gazette. Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liare!" Send one dollar to Dr. A. T. Shallouberger, Rochester, Fa. and get a bottle of his Antidote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.

returned to you. Tun saloon-keeper, like the paysubroker thrives on unredeemed pledges -- Bostor Courier,

Dr. John Bull of Louisville, Ky., showed his love for little children when he invented those dainty little candles he named Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. It's fon for the children, but it's death to the worms.

It is possible for the saleswomen to have hopmaid teeth that are perfectly natural. Terro Haute Express.

Six Nowis Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philinda., Pa., to any one in the U.S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar.

THE washerwoman has better luck than the farmer newadays in getting a living out of the soil.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's I fron Pills will relieve her. Now why not be fair about it and buy her a box!

A MUNICIAN Is not necessarily a good base-ball player because he knows how to exe-cute a score.—Rome Sentinel.

KANSAS CITY, May 1 CATTLE Shipping steers \$ 8 22 Butchers' steers 5 00 Native cows 2 20 HOGS Good to choice beary 2 20

CATTLE-Shipping steers., Butchers' steers.

BUTTER-Creamery

SHERP-Fair to choice OATS-No. 2 BYE-No. 1 BUTTER-Creamery

19 75 00 11 00 NEW YORK.

"What for?" asked the driver as he "I'll have you up for fast driving."
"What is fast driving?"

"Why, over alx miles an hour." "Say, old fellow, take me into court, "O, yes, a pharmacist. Well, you can won't you? If you will only get it into buy as good farming lands in this neigh- the papers that this hose was going over borhood as you can find in Texas. You four miles an hour I can sell him for have struck the right locality, stranger, forty dollars. If you will I'll try and if you want to farm. I'll take you out belp you some time."—Detroit Face



LUMBAGO. SPRAINS, Neuralgia Swellings, Fro BRUISES. THE CHARLES A. VOGELEH CO., Bullimore, Md.



"WHAT A LOVELY WOMAN"!

exclaimed the Chief Justice, upon passing a beauty while walking down Penn. Avenue with a friend. "What an excellent Judge"! said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the decree of the Chief Justice. How many women might receive such a compliment as the above, were they not premnturely robbed of the charms the other sex value so highly, and made old before their time, by functional irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. To such the bloom of youth may be restored by the uso of a remedy acknowledged to be without an equal-Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women guaranteed to give satisfaction, in every case, or money refunded.

Read printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper. As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekcepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver. It promptly cures nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness. It is carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organi-

zation. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is uncqualed and is invaluable in allaying and subdning nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly att "-t upon functional and organic disease, induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency."

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ierce's DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS toasant ovitegru Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. CON SUIGES Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest,

to take, One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cure sick Headache, Billious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, and all



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Are the Best in the World

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YOUNG MEN Learn Triggraphy and Builtons

OW BIALLY Decime to the new Mills and Sav Frakers, Burner Pewers, Stationary Engine, In the Astonnetic and Boile 12, address July of Astonnetic and Boile 12, address USSELL & CO., - MASSILLON, OHIO. PENSIONS PATENTS

DETECTIVES PATENTS! FORTUNE! The sale of Tutt's Pills exceed

those of all others combined. SOLD EVERYWHERE, Office, 44 Murray Street, New York. PENSIONS CANCER

> \$5 to \$8 a day. Samples werth \$2.11 print for the control Write state that covery fact indicated, Reign State and Control of the covery fact in th A. N. K .- D. WHEN WHITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

52 COW HUNTS FOR A \$5 BILL. P. O., Vinita, I. T.



No one can hunt their cattle as cheap as we can do it for them Send in your brand, mark and \$5.



IXI

J. T. M'SPADDEN. Postoffce at Chelsea, Indian Ter.
Clase crop of left ear;
overbit is right; Hange six miles west

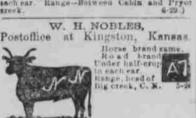
W. H. MARKER Postoffice, Vinita, I. T.

G. W. GREEN, Vinita, I. T.

split in right. Range-On Jones creek, eight miles northeast of Vi nita, I. T. JOHN WHISTLER, Postoffice, Sac & Fox Agency, I. T.

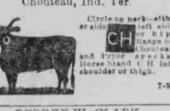
Cropoff left earand

Post-office, Vinita, I. T.



B. B. FRAYSER, Postoffice, Vinita, Ind. Ter: east and Mustang creeks, 4-52

> O. HAYDEN, Chouteau, Ind. Ter.



GEORGE W. CLARK. Postoffice, Vinita, Indian Territory

J. B. EDWARDS, P. O. Vinita, Indian Territory.

Postoffice Vinita, Ind. Ter. trand on hip or

C. M. McCLELLAN, Postoffice, Oowala, 1. T. CM Rainch on Cancy.

W. E. HALSELL, Postoffice, Vinita, Ind. Tet. Range on Riv

B. W. RIDER. Chelsea, Indian Territory. Crop and spits se ight Harge on Pryor reaks 6-31



H. C. SHUFELDT,



T. H. HARLES,



R. C. EDGERTON, Postoffice, Coffeyville, Kansas,

MISS SALLIE ALBERTY.



J. B. MARKHAM. Chouteau, Ind. Ter.





7-31



Mark: Grub left.

NATHANIEL SKINNER.



GEO. NIPPER Post-Office Claremore, Ind. Ter. Swallow for and underhit laint, amouli cropright. Hanger Pan-thereteek.

G. W. FRANKLIN.



seat on jaw. Horses same brand, same on sight shoulder. Range between Little Cabin and Horse orack



Postoffice at Chelsea, Ind.

Postoffice Salina, Indian Territory. Cherokes Herd Poland Chinas.



